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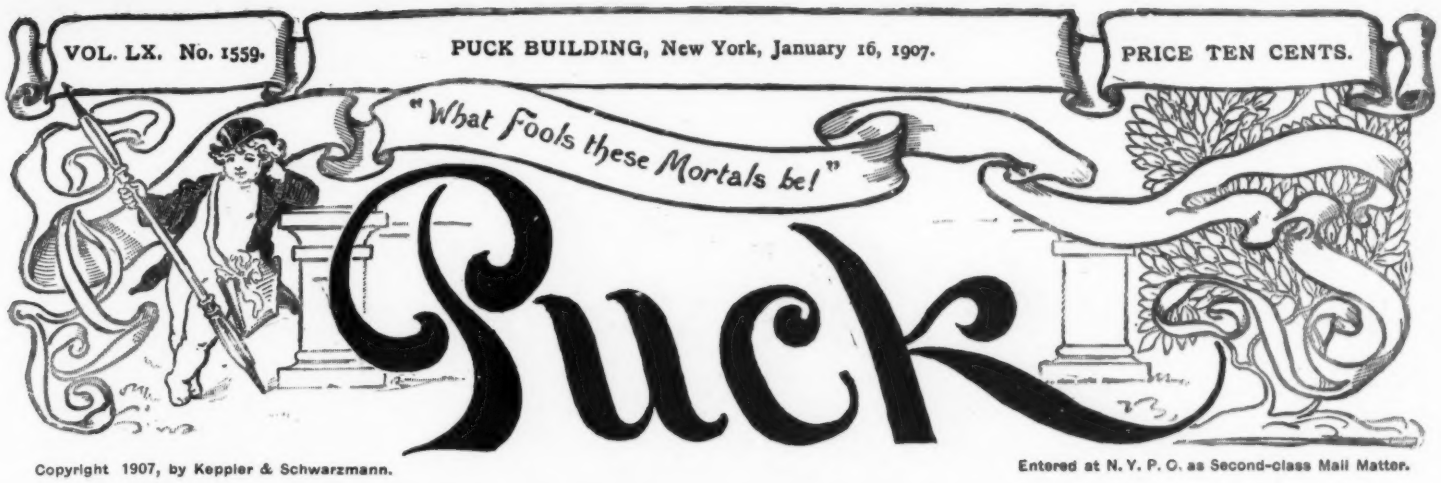

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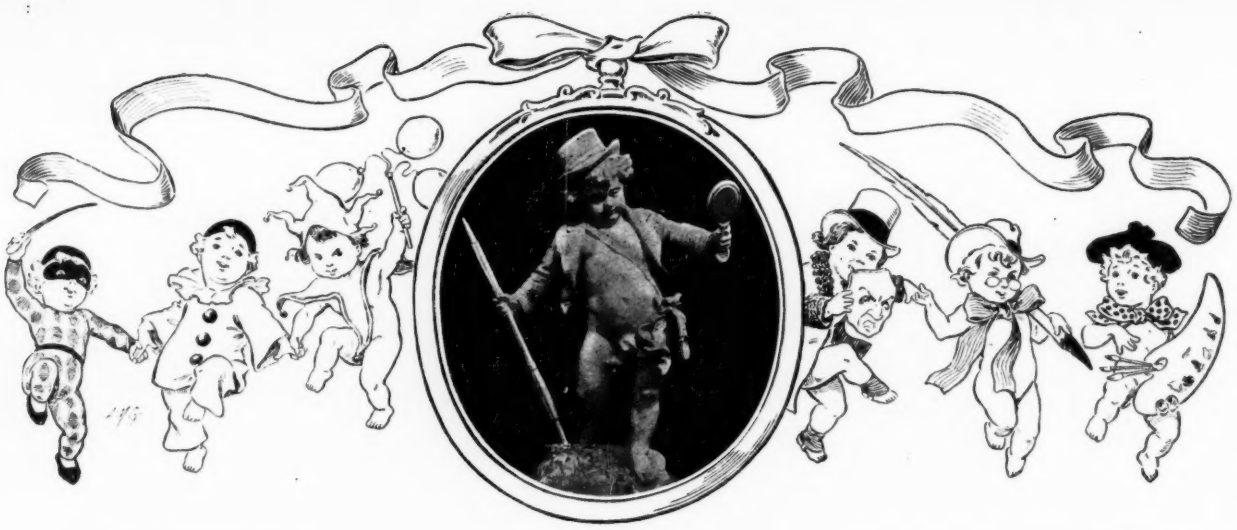
ONE RESULT OF ABOLISHING THE CANTEEN.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE W. C. T. U.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PERHAPS, if the Railroad Scandal grows big enough, the Paris Insurance colony may be able to sneak back home without attracting notice. Pack up, Jim! Watch your chance, Dick!

MAYOR MCCLELLAN certainly acts as if he were not quite certain that he was elected Mayor. But possibly he regards it as a patriotic duty to save us from Hearst and Murphy.

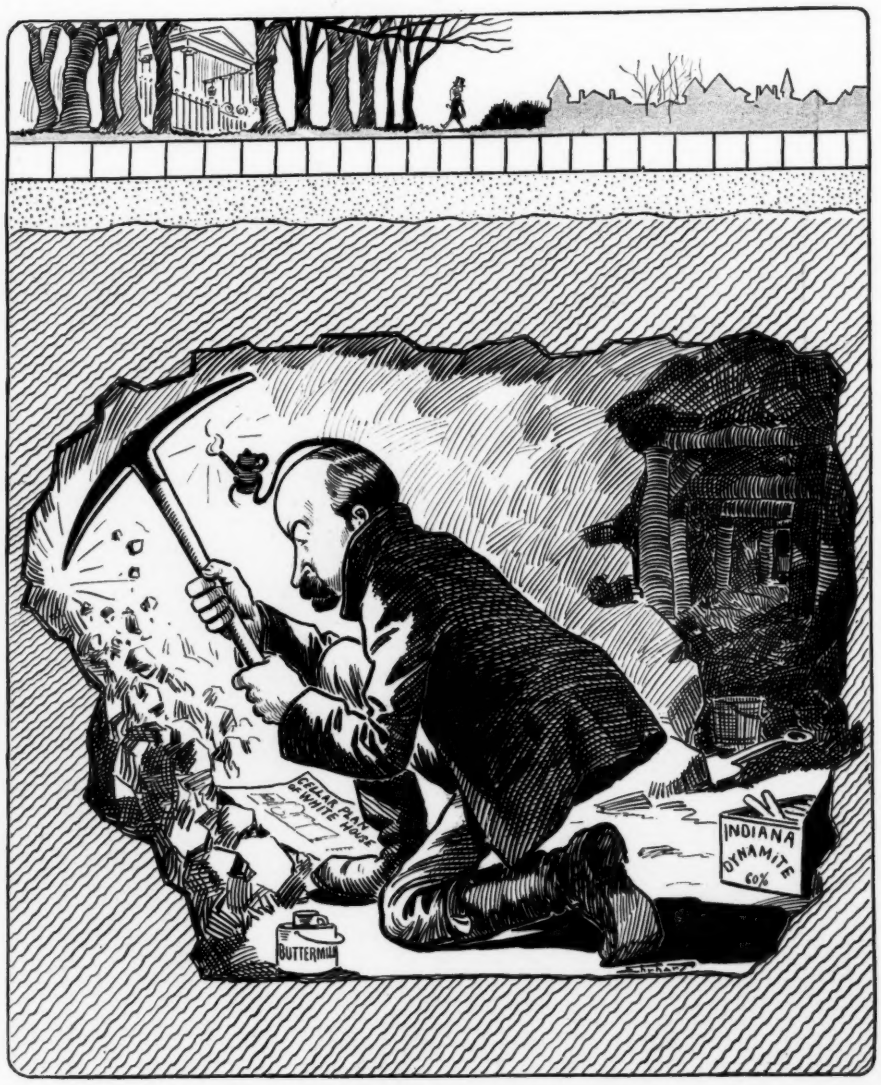
AND IT was only a few weeks ago that Harriman declared that he "did not control a mile of railroad." The gentleman juggles the truth the way he juggles stocks.

POULT BIGELOW says that the canal zone laughed at the President's message. The zone, it will be recalled, first laughed at Poult, so he hasn't anything on Theodore.

WHAT FOOLS these mortals be! Especially the ones who buy edition-de-luxe books and sign their names to any old document which the wily agents hand them.

A BROOKLYN LADY desired a separation from her husband in order that she might become a public school teacher. Still, love makes the world go round.

THE PARLIAMENT member from Albert, Dominion of Canada, claims for his county "the highest tides and the best class of men." Same here, old chap. Our best people and high tides frequently go together.



EN ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Although little is heard of it, the Fairbanks boom is really further advanced than any other."—*News Item.*

ADMIRAL TOGO has presented to Paris some nymphea seedlings from his Japanese garden. The seedlings which the Admiral presented to the Russians were those of a much hardier plant.

IT IS TRUE, as a newspaper apologist for the railroads says, that the appalling loss of life on American railways is partly due to the demon of haste which is the bane of our country. Still, fast trains are run in Great Britain and on the Continent. And how about our deadly grade crossings: is the demon of haste responsible for them? The demon of corporate greed has something to do with the slaughter.

WOMEN, it is reported, are returning to small waists. There are one or two of our acquaintance who are going to have trouble in getting back.

THE BUREAU of Plant Industry has established the alleged fact that the camphor tree can be grown in the southern parts of the United States, and is now experimenting with moth balls. The moth ball is a much more delicate plant than the camphor tree, and requires a rainless region for successful growth. One heavy shower will ruin an entire crop.

IF THE firemen strike, the trains coming into the Grand Central Station may arrive even later.—*Evening Mail.*

But if the passengers get out and walk they will arrive earlier than usual.

To Meet
Miss Bridget Callahan,
Mrs. Hadder Docitt
Requests the pleasure of your company
Thursday afternoon, 4 till 6.

SOCIETY'S LATEST: INTRODUCING THE COOK.

HARROWING.

"THEN I am undone!" cried the Heroine turning away from the audience.

"Only two hooks near the collar," observed the genial gallery god.

DISTANCED.

IN THE hour of his might, with death afar, he was not afraid. But when he was broken, and sensed death near, with icy hand outstretched to seize him, he was terrified, and his only thought was of flight.

But whither flee, to avoid that dread presence?

If he took an express train, death was at his journey's end as soon as he. If he had recourse to a motor-car, death was beside him in the highway; if to a flying-machine, death rode the wind with him.

At length, in desperation, he got out and walked.

"I'll have a few minutes of real enjoyment, at all events," he said.

And behold, as he journeyed on, at a foot pace, death fell more and more behind, and presently gave up the chase.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER approached jauntily. That was his way. He had all sorts of nerve.

"Diogenes, old buck," quoth he, "how much will you take to be my guide, philosopher and friend?"

"Kindly skiddoo!" snarled Diogenes. "I've been a guyed philosopher too long to be anybody's friend. Will you chase yourself out of my light, or shall I call an officer?" And that was all there was to it.

IF SHAKESPEARE HAD WRITTEN FOR BROADWAY.

RICHARD III.—Gasoline! Gasoline! My kingdom for a gallon of gasoline!!

WOMEN WOULD FIND IT CONVENIENT.

A NINETY-EIGHT-CENT BILL FOR USE ON SHOPPING TOURS.

MUSINGS.

THOUGH bards may write (it's easy quite!)
To Dollie, Blanche and Mable,
And every line mould subtly fine—
As only bards are able,
Ah, where are they who care to-day,
(I ask you, man to man!)
With pens polite, to smoothly write
An ode to Mary Ann?

Though poets may (ten times a day!)
Sing of Myrtilla's kisses,
And, frenzied, write of vales bedight
With mooning chaps and misses,
Show me but one whose screed is done
(An' ye be wise—most wise!)
To Mandy's rare tow-colored hair,
Or Lizzie's squinting eyes?

Though minstrels prate (ah, hapless fate!)
Of Dotty, Lou, and Maizie,
Or pipe a lilt divinely built
To bashful little Daisy,
Show me the muse that won't refuse
To dilly and to dally
And trip in sweet and metric feet
To six foot three inch Sally?

Stacy E. Baker.

A DINING ROOM ROMANCE.

IN THE chill and awful gloom of a Manhattan Boarding House, M. J. Perle Peekin sat immersed in sub-conscious sorrow. His left cuff was immersed in what they called the coffee. Empty, save for Mr. Peekin and his thoughts, was the basement dining room—(who ever truly dined in such a place?—Vouchsafe unto us, Oh Lord, thy mercy!)—The basement dining room, then, was empty save for Mr. Peekin; and he was the same.

Suddenly, with no warning whatever, the landlady entered the dining room. Again, suddenly and without warning, the waitress advanced, bearing a chaste and beautiful silver salver upon which brazenly reposed the regular sized dose of corn-beef-hash-with-an-egg; making a wry face, Mr. Peekin seized and devoured it. 'Twas but an empty pretense; he did not care for his hash; he ate it only to please the landlady. She now sat at the little table by the door, whence no boarder could make exit without first having paid what he owed. And none who were familiar with the prints upon the wall of that dining room came ever unprepared to make an escape speedy and swift. Only the food could distract from the art displayed when the walls of the dining room of Mrs. Nannie McNamara.

Mrs. McNamara eyed Mr. J. P. Peekin coldly as he gulped his hash-and, and painfully bit into his coffee.

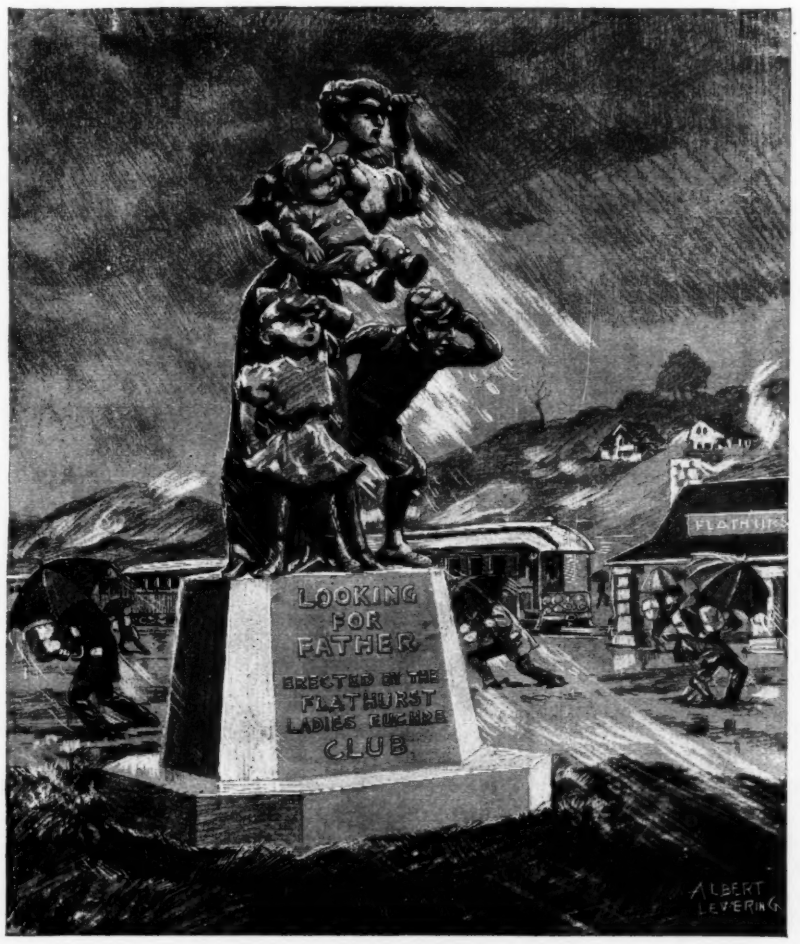
"Mr. Peekin," she said, sepulchrally, "did you sleep well last night?"

"Rottenly, I regret to say, Madam." Mr. Peekin cleansed his eye glasses by wiping them on the clean corner of his napkin. Manifestly he was endeavoring to conceal his emotion.

There was the sound of a rasping gurgle from the little table by the door. Presently, the landlady struggled to her feet. Not knowing what she did, she lighted the gas.

"Thanks," said Mr. Peekin. His manner was that of extreme nonchalence.

Mrs. Nannie McNamara sank into her chair, and ate some of her own butter, before she knew what she was doing; she was unused to it; it took her breath away. Mr. Peekin came to her assistance in a purely perfunctory way, and patted her on the back. She looked lovingly into his eyes. "Darling!" she whispered. The chill and awful gloom of the dining room was deepening, deepening, now. For with great presence of mind, Mr. J. Perle Peekin had turned the gas low with a swift and dexterous movement of his free hand.



THE SUBURB BEAUTIFUL.

AN APPROPRIATE GROUP FOR ANY COMMUTING COMMUNITY.

No fellow can grow old gracefully if he puts it off so long that he has to hurry at last.

THE COMMISSION BUSINESS.

SETTLEMENTS MONTHLY.

"Er—just—er what do you mean by calling me 'Darling,'" asked Mr. Peekin, with a trace of anxiety in his well modulated tone. He knew he was the last down to breakfast, and that there was no chance of an interruption. Nobody could tell what might happen, if Mrs. McNamara kept him in the dining room until midday. He edged away, as he spoke, and tried gently to disengage the hand which Mrs. McNamara was now stroking fondly.

"Did you enjoy your breakfast, Mr. Peekin?" asked the lady in a faraway tone.

"It was awful," replied Mr. Peekin.

Her plump figure quivered; her face melted into a smile more compassionate than Peekin ever had dreamed might grace features so weary and stern. For years she had worn a mask. Now, this instant, he saw her better self. There was a sob in her voice: "Not because your breakfast was awful, not because you slept poorly, do I love you," she said, "but because you have been so noble and manly that you have told me the Truth!—You are wonderful!"

Mr. Peekin blushed. His side-whiskers twitched, painfully. The shadow of a smile stole across his face. Mrs. Nannie McNamara felt the pressure of his arm about her waist.

"Could you give me any hope?" she tenderly asked.

"In the chill and awful gloom of the boarding house dining room, Mr. Peekin made low response: "If we were married, dear, could we have breakfast brought to our room on a tray,—every morning?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Be mine," he said.

Fred Ladd.

THE FLORIST BOY'S LITTLE MISTAKE.

NOT UNLIKELY.

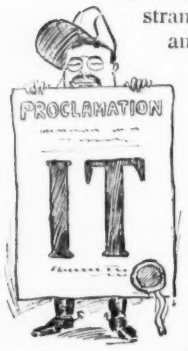
CHARLEY VAUDEVILLE *(at the classical concert).*—This music by the old composers may be all right, in some respects, but it strikes me as being too reminiscent.

"What!"

"Well, I seem to have heard snatches of it before, somewhere."

PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

Theodorus Roosevelt.



The old nurse of Theodorus, one having inquired of her in regard to it, is by many said to have set forth that at the moment of the birth of Theodorus a strange and, as the chronicler saith, a peculiar, and thus it is, comet appeared in the heavens, it being polyhedral, which the nurse of Theodorus explaining it to signify the manysidedness of Theodorus, as indeed it has been borne out, the tale is generally and widely credited, though some, as in every case, however veritable, doubt it.

Theodorus was born under Mars, Jupiter, Callisto and other stars. Yet it seems to me that it gains not at all to assert him, or indeed any person, to have been born under this or that star, since none is born above. "But," says Herodotus, "it appears that many eke their bread by doping out the heavens." So why belittle their means of existence?

In Gotham, in which place Theodorus was born, are extent many anecdotes of his juvenility and adolescence. When he was but three days of age, in his mouth there began to grow a set of molars and bicuspids, so that a famous wit is said to have remarked it to have been untoward there to have been no previous ruler similarly appellated. "Why?" one that was near asked. "Because," this former one is reported to have answered to him asking, "we might have dubbed him Theodorus the Tooth." And in that age that was deemed great repartee. Of his record in school and college there remains not enough to hinder or help the biographer. Having been graduated from one of these latter, he animadverted toward affairs of state in general and of his own State in particular. At the elections once, he was chosen Praefect of Police in the Province of Mulberry and "being an efficient one," writes Gilbertius, "he filled that office so carefullee that now he is the ruler of the whole countree."

Many pages and books might be, about the deeds and prowess of Theodorus, and in fact have been, written; some even by Theodorus himself, he being as inspired and sulphitic a writer as he is a speaker, which, however, some assert to be faint praise, if any, they thinking him to not be at either any great seismographic disturbance. Yet there be many to say that he is a great litterateur and a great orator and all concede him to be a great producer of talk on many subjects.

Many sayings are credited to Theodorus, such as "A whole is equal to the sum of its parts," and other things, the truth of which cannot, and perhaps never was, doubted.

Theodorus also in hunting, great prowess and aptitude, as in fighting, showed; in fact, Theodorus showed all he had to show, being most versatile and a believer in publicity, as who, when the latter shall redound to his credit, is not? But they that sink thousands of sestertea in ads and get but scant returns from them, we find are less keen therefore. Thus is it with most things.

Sed hace, as Tacitus has it, hactenus.

Franklin P. Adams.

THE TEST OF POPULARITY.

Puck's Patent Laugh Register for Comic Opera Comedians.

WOULDN'T IT!

Soulful Woman *(to escort)*.—Those men over there are all brilliant writers. Wouldn't it be a treat just to hear their conversation?

One of the Brilliant Writers.—Gus, do you remember those sausages we had in Berlin? Talk about—But say, they don't know *how* to cook in this country!

It is said that a girl never throws herself at a man's head unless she has reason to believe him a good catch.

WARNING TO MANDOLIN PLAYERS.

THE POSTURE SO GRACEFUL IN YOUTH HAS A CONSEQUENCE SAD IN OLD AGE.

TOMMY'S COMPLAINT.

FATHER's got the fresh air
craze and mother's
got it too
And I don't know if I can stand
this bloomin' winter through;
We haven't a furnace fire 'cause
father says as where
A fire is unhealthy, so we warm
with his hot air.
He gets up early ev'ry morn' an'
thaws out both the cats,
And then goes up in our spare
room an' does some acrobats;
The winders are left up all night,
an' in the mornin', gosh!
I have ter crack the ice up in
the pitcher when I wash.
An' mother, too, she's just as bad, she
walks from two till four
And then comes back an' pulls at somethin' hangin' on
the door,
And then she takes a big long breath — it's one o' her
best tricks —
And doesn't breath till she has counted up ter ninety-six.
We live on malted shavin's and shredded door-mats, too,
An' I can't use my appetite — it's just as good as new.
An' so I'm goin' to Grandma's house where I can sleep
and stuff
Till mother gets her lungs filled up an' Pa gets air ernuff.

Charles E. Nettleton.

DOINGS IN FINANCE.

"WELL," sighed the old millionaire who had failed, "we must economize. We must save money."

"We will begin at once," responded the faithful wife and four children and seized by a common impulse they rushed out of the front door. It was night when they returned laden with bundles.

"What does this mean," quavered the broken financier. "You have been buying more things and I told you that we must save money."

"It means," said the wife, "that we have begun to save money already. For the past year I knew this crash was bound to come and as a result I have been keeping my eyes wide open. In the last two hours we have saved you one hundred five dollars and seven cents. And what we have done now we can do every day."

"But how?" queried the old man eagerly.

"Easily enough. In the first place I went to Einstein's where there is a coat for $25 which cost $50. I save $25 right there. Josephine bought a locket for $38 marked down from $68. Henry paid $70 for what was originally a $100 diamond pin. William took advantage of a bargain sale to save $20 on a set of Dickens, and even little Jennie helped by getting a pound of candy for 18 cents instead of 25. So, you see, altogether we've saved you one hundred five dollars and seven cents, and there's no reason why we can't do it every day of our lives until you have enough capital to start in business again."

There was a crash. The shock had been too much for the aged financier. He had fainted.

OUT OF NEW YORK.

FIRST COMMUTER.—What do you do with yourselves evenings, old man?

SECOND COMMUTER.—I take the 5:03 train from the city.

THE best of everything is not good enough for some people while others just manage to worry along with it.

TO MEMORY DEAR.

THE GOVERNESS.—Did you visit the Louvre while you were in Paris, Ma'am?

MRS. NEWCOYNE.—I forget; did we, John?

MR. NEWCOYNE.—Why, I don't see how you can possibly forget *that* place, Jane! *That's* where you had your pocket picked!

Some girls, like canal boats, are not half as pretty as their names.

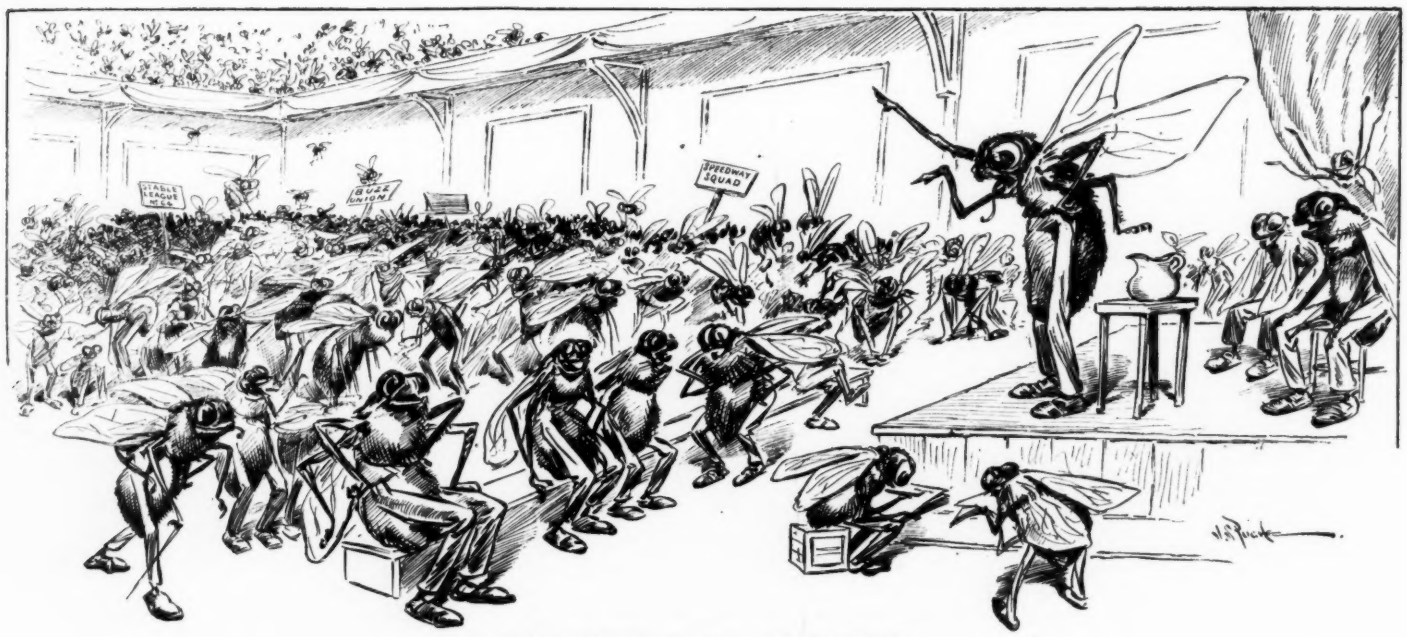
ALL TIME HEAP MUCH

RECENT DESPATCHES FROM THE WASHINGTON RESERVATION REPORT

AP MUCH TROUBLE, WOW!!

VATION REPORT THAT THE SENATOR INDIANS ARE AGAIN ON THE WAR PATH.

THE PUCK PRESS



AT THE HORSE FLIES' CONVENTION.

THE HONORABLE CHAIRMAN. — We will now consider the question of automobiles, the alarming increase of which seriously threatens the future of our profession.

January Jibes.

BRAINS AND THE OPERA.

"It is not necessary for everyone to have a great brain to enjoy opera keenly." — MR. MELZER *of the Metropolitan.*

I HOLD it true with him who entertains
With chit-chat of the operatic show,
That one need not be overstocked with brains
To split one's glove and cry *Bravissimo!*
The average brain can grasp the subtleties
Of Gounod's "Faust" or Verdi's
"Rigoletto,"
And any fool can understand with
ease
The simple argument of the libretto.

Nay, nay. Enjoyment doth not
wait on wit.
Brains are not necessary.
'Twill suffice
If one possesses the prerequisite
Defined in vulgar parlance as
"the price."
This letteth in the noisy witless crew
Of pestilential railbirds who encore so,
Likewise the Regent of the Avenue,
She of the diamond-embellished torso.

"Lucia" hath charms to soothe the barbarous breasts
Of Mesdames Asterbilt and Vandergunn;
The tum-tum of "Aida" interests
The gem-embroidered Mrs. G. Watt Munn.
I've seen Miss Scadsley on the verge of tears
While listening to *Mimi's* doleful story,
And Miss Mazuma drinking with both ears
The liquid melodies of "Trovatore."

These gilded people seem to take naive
Enjoyment in the things they go to hear.
They are not bored so stiff as you believe;
They are not so distressed as they appear.
If only brains took pleasure in the wares
Our impresarios are advertising,
Conried would still be renting steamer chairs
And Hammerstein be vaudevillinizing.

Our English friends may take their pleasures sadly, but none of them is such a damfool as to pay a premium of $50 for the privilege of sitting in a restaurant on New Year's eve and blowing a tin horn.

Mr. Rockefeller promises his new pastor a "free hand." Salvation oil is not in competition with the Standard. *B. L. T.*

AWFUL THOUGHT.

THE OLD MAN *(unannounced).* — My boy, do you think you can pay her bridge whist losses at the rate to which I, her father, have become accustomed?

We pursue the Genesis of political ills, in the pious hope that an Exodus will follow.

QUERULOUS QUERIES FOR YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

WITH MALICE toward none and charity to all we suggest the following examination questions for those young persons about to graduate from schools of journalism.

I.

You have been sent to get an interview from Mr. Smith, President of the Q. X. R. R. The gentleman in question has slammed the door in your face and instructed the butler to turn the bulldog loose on you or any other dam reporter that comes monkeyin' around the premises again. Your paper does not tolerate faking. Write a nice long interview.

II.

A prominent advertiser has just been arrested for throwing plates around the family circle. The editor says "play it up; biggest story to-day;" while the advertising manager who has just rushed in puffs out, that if the story offends anybody you will be looking for another job to-morrow. Relate the incident in a spicy style but without hurting the advertiser's feelings.

III.

The Society Editor has just fallen sick. You have been covering football, boxing and sports generally for the past two years. Go to the horse show; get the gowns and write up a column of chatty society gossip.

IV.

A prominent person has lent you his photograph for reproduction. It is the one and only copy of his features in existence; was taken ten years ago, and he has guarded it like the crown jewels. You got hold of it only on the solemn promise that it would be returned without the injury of a single hair. The cut has been made and you are looking at the remains of the precious photograph. There are three large black thumb marks; a number written in indelible pencil and two corners are broken. You have just borrowed an eraser when the prominent person enters the city room and asks for you. What do you say?

V.

It is telephoned that a beautiful girl has just rescued a drowning man, rumored to be a millionaire. You go out and find that the beautiful girl has been an adult for the last thirty years and that the man is just an ordinary longshoreman and that the only thing in the water was a small boy who could swim like a duck and jumped in after his fish pole. Get photographs and write a romantic narrative.

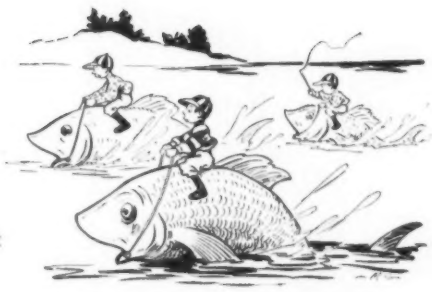
VI.

Your paper has consistently lambasted the police department ever since the new chief came in. The chief has a good story up his sleeve which he is saving for the other papers. You have been scooped twice and the city editor doesn't like you anyhow. Get the story.

VII.

Last night an old college chum came in and you put the town on exhibition for some hours. It is now Sunday morning and you wake up with a Canadian quarter and two dimes in your right hand trousers pocket. Suggest some plan for living until Saturday. *Horatio Winslow.*

ANOTHER kind of contributory negligence is omitting to enclose the self-addressed stamped envelope.



THE COD FISH STAKES.

A SMOKING-CAR COMEDY.

I.

MR. SIXTHREE (*gruffly*).—This seat engaged?
MAN BY WINDOW.—Looks like it, doesn't it?

II.

MR. SIXTHREE.—By gosh! No hog can impose on ME!!

III.

MR. LITTLETON (*meekly*).—Pardon me, sir, but this seat is taken.

HUNTER RYE

IS THE BEST WHISKEY, HENCE THE MOST WHOLESOME. NO PRAISE COULD BE STRONGER NO TESTIMONY MORE CONVINCING THAN THE APPROVAL OF ITS MILLIONS OF PATRONS.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Wilson –

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

Log Cabin Philosophy.

Lots er folks in dis worl' would walk in de light ferever ef dey never got ter whar de folks dat knowed dem wuz.

Dar is some big-hearted folks in dis worl' what onderstands dey fellermens, en yit, de best er us is a puzzle ter Providence hisse'f.

De higher you fly de longer folks 'll stan' roun' ter see how hard you'll hit de grit w'en you come a-tumblin' down.

Georgia cotton bales have inspired the poets, and one infers, from the jolly tunes the poets are humming, that money is jingling in their pockets, as well as in their rhymes.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Without Cost to Him.

"I'm introducing an automatic machine," said the caller, "that will pay for itself in a year."

"I'll take one if it will do that," promptly said the manufacturer.

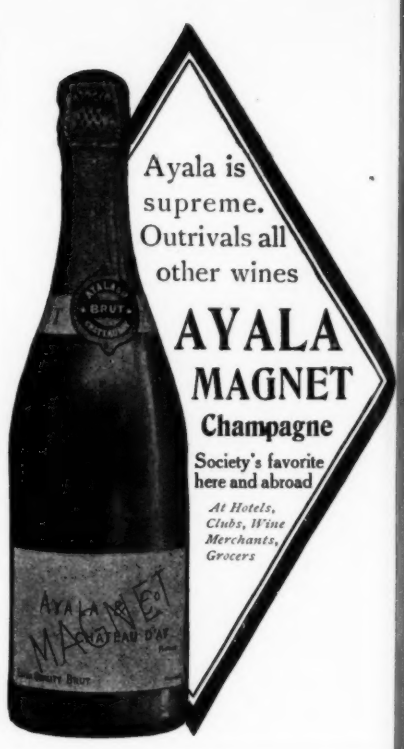
"If it will pay for itself in a year?"

"No; automatically pay for itself in a year."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

Striking an Average.

Bacon.—According to an expert in phrenology, the average adult head has a circumference of fully 22 inches.

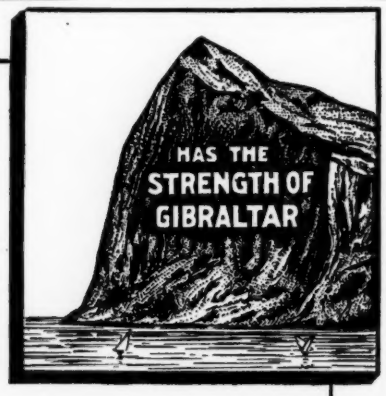
Egbert.—I guess that average is all right. Some nights my head is 16 inches and some mornings it is 28 inches.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



By psychological tests in a South Carolina college it has been proved that men remember what they hear better than women do. Which is all the stranger when you think how often women repeat all they hear. — *Washington Post.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

Something Missing?



Yes—and you know just what. Travelers look for it on the great rock, and speak about the missing name as the steamer passes.

Something else missing? Yes—and you know better than anybody else what that is. You've thought you would find out about The Prudential life insurance policies—sometime. And you've thought you would begin to "save up"—to-morrow.

But to-day there is still something missing—a liberal, easy-to-keep-up Prudential life insurance policy among your valuable papers—a sensible stimulus to saving, a veritable Gibraltar of protection to your family.

SEND THIS COUPON.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free particulars and rates of Endowment Policies

For $.....

Name.....Age....

Address.....

Occupation..... Dept. P

The **Prudential**
Insurance Co. of America
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey
JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRESIDENT.
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

PUCK PROOFS

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

HIGHER EDUCATION. Photogravure in Sepia, 19½ x 15 in.
By Stuart Travis. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke.
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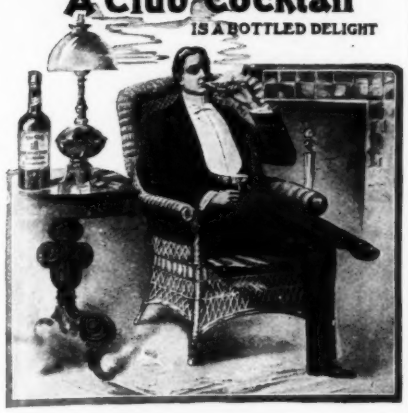
A Club Cocktail
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



Most Americans are connoisseurs in Cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength, and mixing of his favorite drink. There's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident, bad by rule,—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. Club Cocktails are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven varieties—each one perfect.
Of all good grocers and dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

One of the certainties of life is the uncertainty of love.

Enterprise and advertising make the biggest pair in the deck.

No doctor can cure what ails you if you have a mean disposition.

A man is never too busy to listen when the lady on the dollar talks.

After a fool has cut off his nose to spite his face he doesn't blow about it.

A man occasionally interferes with the affairs of a woman without getting the worst of it—in books.

Some men are so considerate they even lie to their wives in order to avoid telling them things that would probably make them unhappy.

When a young man asks a girl to sing and she begins on "Home, Sweet Home," it means one of two things—she is willing to say "Yes," or wants him to run along.—*Chic. Daily News.*

A STATESMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Of melancholy souvenirs
The saddest 'tis to contemplate
A railway pass of other years
Unused and wholly out of date!
—*Washington Star.*

MR. LONGWORTH, the record shows, was in favor of increasing congressional salaries, but in this connection let it not be forgotten that Mr. Longworth has increasing responsibilities.—*Iniana-polis News.*

CONGRESS is to be asked to pass a bill regulating cold storage. Next, we may see a bill introduced abolishing cold feet.—*Washington Post.*

Even if they cost more, their popularity would not be less—for Egyptian Deities are selected for their quality and not because of the price.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
CIGARETTES

Connoisseurs select them everywhere because no better cigarette is known. Their quality is the highest ever obtained in the production of fine cigarettes.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 Fifth Ave., New York

Egyptian Scenes—Tomb of Queen Hatasu near Dier-el-Behai.

LIMITED INCOME.

"How much is your income a week, Sam?"

"Why, four dollahs, sah."

"Only four dollars, Sam?"

"Yes, sah; yer see, my wife only makes five dollahs a week, sah?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EASY FOR HIM.

"What brushy eyelashes Mr. Swags has!"

"Um! That's the reason he gives such sweeping glances."—*Detroit Free Press.*

VISITOR.—What kind of an automobile has your papa got?

TOMMY *(who has been out with papa).*—It's either a Damn-Nuisance, or a Hell-of-a-Fool-Invention. Papa calls it both.—*Princeton Tiger.*

SOMEHOW to the city man who was brought up in the country, thoughts of the old swimming hole don't seem so attractive now as they did six months ago.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE pacification job in the Philippines is progressing so that the Pulajanes are now exterminated every thirty days, instead of every six months, as formerly.—*Washington Post.*

WHEN you meet your fat friend, always say cordially: "Why, how well you are looking. You must have taken off at least twenty pounds."—*Somerville Journal.*

BLUE TOP
PERRIER JOUËT
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE

U S AGENTS
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

BY PROXY.

MISS GAYSETT.—Do you golf, Mr. Slopechin?

MR. SLOPECHIN.—Quite a good deal, y'know. I have me man go round the course f'me twice a week.

The day after, you need Abbott's Bitters, Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

For the Home
or Business Circle.

Underberg

The World's Best

Bitters

The Famous Tonic and Cordial.

Bottled (since 1846) only by
H. UNDERBERG ALBRECHT, Rheinberg, Germany.

At all dealers.

LUYTIES BROTHERS,
General Agents,
New York.

Give Him Notice.

W'en Trouble is a-comin',
  Close de do', en say:
"Joy is got his banjer,
  En he come ter spend de day!"

Dar's nuttin' in dis country
  But Trouble he kin stan'
Outside er Joy, a-singin',
  Wid a banjer in his han'!

De minute dat he hear him
  Ol' Trouble take his load,
En holler out, "Good mawnin'—
  I must 'a' miss my road!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Explained.

"Are you aware that you occasionally repeat yourself?" asked the critical friend.

"Yes," answered the serenely superior author, "it is sometimes unavoidable, when I desire to quote an author who is absolutely competent and reliable."—*Washington Star.*

JOHN JAMESON
★★★
WHISKEY

Brings the highest price at auction.

Draw your own conclusions.

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
NEW YORK

Much Ado About Nothing.

"I see that somebody is afraid that too much electric power will cause muscular atrophy."

"What's that?"

"Eh! I was just going to ask you."

"How would I know what it is?"

"You needn't get so mad about it. I'll bet you know what it is."

"You say that again and I'll show you there ain't nothing the matter with my muscles!"

"Bah!"

"Yah!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

One hundred and sixty marriage licenses were issued for use in Chicago on New Year's day. Our preachers should have cause to join in the hurrah over general prosperity.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

I.W. HARPER RYE
ON EVERY TONGUE

Famous For Its Quality

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

All Pretty Bad.

Mrs. Knox.—When they speak of the lower branch of Congress, what do they mean?

Knox.—It's pretty hard to say. Some of the people in the Senate are low enough just now.—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

We'll meet the Chinese boycott with the native steam laundry.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Love is blind, and the world wouldn't lose many valuable remarks if it were also dumb.—*Somerville Journal.*

The late divorce congress accomplished some good in Illinois. A man there was married six days, but it took him six weeks to get a divorce.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balmy Ale—of Evans'

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Dealers.

Expressing Opinions.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak.—I don't really believe that all men are liars.

Mr. Crimsonbeak.—No, dear; and I don't believe that all liars are men.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Human Way.

"What are you digging for?"

"Well, I've got the idee thar's gold in the land somers."

"And what'll you do with it if you strike any?"

"Go to celebratin' till it's all gone, I reckon, an' then fall to diggin' ag'in!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Doing Nicely.

The Doctor.—Well, how is the patient getting along?

The Female Nurse.—Oh, very nicely, Doctor. He kissed me, to-day!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Doctors may write their prescriptions in illegible Latin, but their bills are always written in the plainest kind of English.—*Somerville Journal.*

Best of all Old English Relishes
A.1.
BRAND'S
SAUCE

BOKER'S BITTERS
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Always In Season.

"There is something wonderful about the prune," remarked the thin boarder.

"And that is?" said the lady at the head of the table.

"It seems to be always seasonable!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Thrifty Ones.

"Did you see the Derby when you were abroad?"

"No. I did see a close race in Great Britain, though."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"The Scotch."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE Keeley Cure for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Birmingham, Ala.
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Providence, R. I.
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
London, England.

THE MILITARY GLAMOR.

Jimmy *(by the barrel)*.—Say, ain't it fierce de way goils warm up to a uniform!

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

The Keynote of Good Cheer

Garrick Club

Whiskey

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

THE WRIST MOVEMENT.

SPECIALIST. — You say you can't keep your right arm still?

PATIENT. — Sure an' I can't. I was on the Foorce an' had to kape sayin' to the Bridge crush, "Step lively; plenty of room up front."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

JEALOUS.

"What makes that actress so irritable and captious? Is she worried by overstudy?"

"No," answered the cold-blooded manager. "What worries her is an understudy." — *Washington Star.*

HE KNEW WOMEN.

SHE. — Why is it a man always drops into a back-seat when he goes to Church?

HE. — Because he has no bonnet to show, my dear. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THE man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor, even though he does cause trouble for the man with the lawn mower. — *Somerville Journal.*

NOT GUILTY.

He didn't mail the letter,
As he went to town one day;
His wifey knew him better
Than to trust him such a way.

But since the letter had to go,
She walked about three blocks;
Said she, "It's mailed; I'm glad I know,"
And dropped it in the box.
— *Philadelphia Ledger.*

ONE OBJECTION.

MAJOR. — Have another brandied peach, Colonel? They are indeed, delicious.

COLONEL. — I should say so, suh. They could only be improved by doing away with one thing.

MAJOR. — And what is that?

COLONEL. — The peaches, suh. — *Chicago Daily News.*

MEANT HIM.

BESS. — I really think May is in love with you.

JACK. — Really? Why?

BESS. — I heard her remark yesterday that homeliness in a man is not really a drawback, but a sign of character. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

Whether the meal be a modest lunch or a costly banquet makes no difference. **"The Aristocrat of the Table"** in either case is

Hiawatha
PURE
Spring Water

The water that received highest awards at two world's fairs, and that in the best clubs everywhere has been paid the tribute of exclusive use.

Blended or straight Hiawatha is best. Served everywhere. Order a case today for your table.

Hiawatha Spring Co.

Louis M. Park Company

Distributors, Minneapolis
New York Chicago
St. Paul Duluth

THE NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY.

All trusts are formed and operated simply for the good of the people.

The happiness of mankind rises in exact relation with the increase in the cost of living.

Low wages inculcate habits of economy and tend to the improvement of the race.

The man who gets the most rebates can afford to be charitable.

The greatest public benefactor is the man who gets the most money from the people, so that the one per cent. of it that he gives back in the form of public benefaction is greater than the amount given by anybody else.

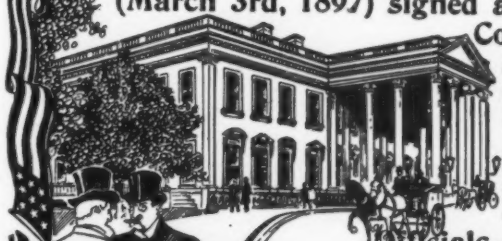
Honesty is the best policy for your business creditors to adopt and follow.

It pays to advertise your few virtues and to conceal your many faults.

Competition is the death of profitable trade. — *Somerville Journal.*

The President of U. S.

(March 3rd, 1897) signed a bill passed by Congress and Senate, permitting us to bottle our whiskey in its pure natural state under supervision of Govt. Officials—Thus every bottle of



Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

Is sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's. "Green Stamp"—positive proof of its Age and Purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair.
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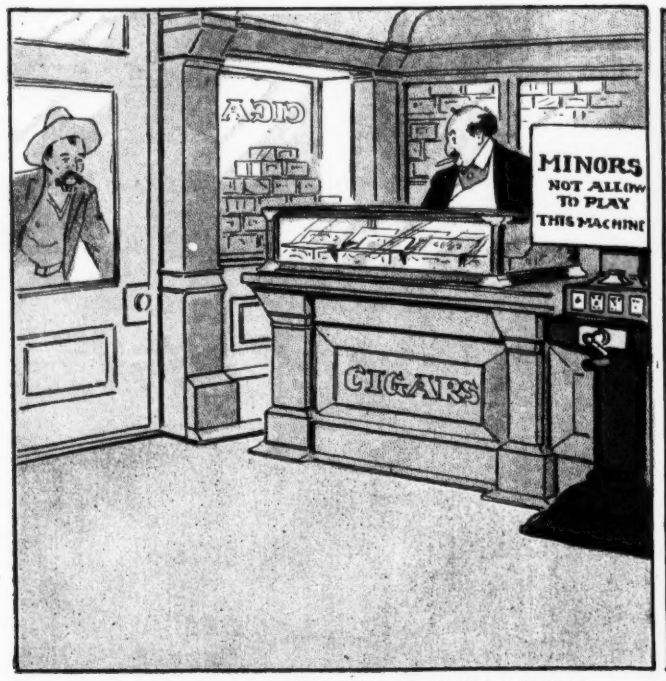
SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.



I.—PLUGSTEIN, THE CIGAR MAN.—I vos glad a customer vos coming in. Business vos dull.

II.—DIAMOND DRILL DAVE, THE MINER.—Wow! That's the bercussed worst insult I ever had handed t' me!

III.—"The boys 'll know about this here thing!

IV.—"There it is, pals, just what I told yer. Now, then——

V.—"B-r-r-angity-Bang! Bing! Bang! Ain't allowed, hey!"

VI.—PLUGSTEIN.—I guess maybe dot vord minors vos a liddle misleading out here.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING——ESPECIALLY IN A MINING TOWN.

THE PUCK PRESS